

11621. c. 36
Fought in 1513



*The Famous HISTORY or Ballad of the
Battles fought in Floddon-Field, &c.*

*Taken from an antient Manuscript, which
was transcrib'd by Mr. RICHARD GUY,
late School-Master in Ingleton, Yorkshire.*

PART I. *In a pleasant Tune.*

The First Fight.

NOW will I cease for to recite
King Henry's Affairs in France so wide
And of Domestick Jars I'll write,
That in his Absence did betide.
A fearful Field, in Verse I'll frame,
If you'll be pleas'd to understand :
O Flodden Mount, thy wond'rous Name
Doth sore affright my trembling Hand.
Thou God of War ! do me admit
For to discourse with sounding Praise,
This bloody Field, this fearful Fight,
Fought in our old Fore-Fathers Days.

A 2

Pardon

Pardon, ye Poets all, I cry, 4

My simple, rude and rugged Rhyme;
Ev'n tho' the Hill *Parnassus* high,
Presumptuously I press to climb.

For what is he, with haughty Style,
Such Deeds of Honour could contrive

No, not the Learned *Virgil* great,
If that on Earth he was alive.

That could reveal, in Volumn short,
Great HOWARD's Deeds, who did excell

Tho' *Lovely Print* made no Report,

FAME would not fail the same to tel
Or thou, O *Stanley*! wond'rous Man!

Thou Son of *Mars*, who can proclaim
Thy matchless Deeds? Tell me who can

Paint thy just Praise, on Wings of Fame
Thy doleful Day-Work still shall be

In *Scotland* curs'd with an Outcry:

For *Haector*'s Match this Man was he,

Who climb'd the Mount of *Floddon* high
What Banners bravely blaz'd, and borne!

What Standards stout bro't he to Ground

What worthy Lords, by him forlorn.

That Sorrow in *Scotland* you doth sound
Ye Heav'nly Powers! your Aid I crave!

My slender Muse help to awake;
Grant of this Work, in Hand I have,

A fine and lucky End may make.
Bef

Before King *Henry* crost the Seas, 11

And e'er to *France* he did transfleet ;

He thought the *Scots* might him disease,

With constituted Captains meet.

He knew that *English* Kings they fought, 12

And by what Might they were controul'd ;

Much more he in their Absence thought,

What Damage had been done of old.

And least that they should work some teen, 13

As they thought to have done indeed ;

He left his Realm unto his QUEEN,

For to be rul'd as there was Need.

Then for the Earl of *Surrey* sent, 14

And Regent of the North him made ;

And bad him, " *If the Scots were bent*

" *The Northern Borders to invade :*

" *That he should raise a Royal Band* 15

" *In Bishoprick, and in Yorkshire ;*

" *In Westmoreland and Cumberland,*

" *In Cheshire and in Lancashire.*

" *And if thou need Northumberland,* 16

" *Quoth he, There be strong Men and stout,*

" *That will not stick, if need they stand,*

" *To fight on Horseback, or on Foot.*

" *There is the valiant Dacres, old,* 17

" *Warden of the West-Marsh is he ;*

" *There are the Bows of Kendal bold,*

" *Who fierce will fight, and never flee.*

There is Sir Edward Stanley stout, 18

*" For Martial Skill clear without Make ;
Of Lathom House by Line came out,*

*" Whose Blood will never turn their Back.
All Lancashire will live and die 19*

*" With him, so chieftly will Cheshire :
For through his Father's Force, quoth he,*

*" This Kingdom first came to my Sire.
Lord Clifford too, a lusty Troop 20*

*" Will there conduct, a Captain wise ;
And, with the lusty Knight, Lord Scroope,*

*" The Power of Richmonshire will rise.
The Wardens all look that you warn, 21*

*" And hearken what the Scots forecast ;
And if they Signs of Wars discern,*

" Bid them the Bacons fire fast.

*The Earl then with a sorry Heart, 22
Had drown'd his Face with trickling Tears,*

*When from his Prince he did depart,
And from his Royal Country Peers.*

*And Thou, quoth he, Almighty God ! 23
Let him a Death most shameful dye,*

*Which is the Cause of mine Abode,
Bereav'd of my King's Company.*

*Some tho't to th' King of Scots that he 24
Did with such sad untimely Fate ;*

*And some, to the Earl of Dalby,
With whom he had a great Debate.*

PART I. *The First Eight.* *Waver* 7

The Earl did then his Tenants all 25

In Musters fair and brave elect ;
And on his Way, by Journies small,
To *Pomfret* Castle did direct.

Then did he send Sir *William Bulmer*, 26

And bad him on the Borders lie,
With Ordinance, and other Geer,
Each House of Fence to fortify.

And bad him call the Borderers bold, 27

And hold with him in Readiness,
And get him Word, with Speed he could,
If that the *Scots* meant his Distress.

Then caus'd he Watch in every Street, 28

And Posts to run thro' Downs and Dales,
So what was wrought, he knew of it,

From *Carlisle* to the Coast of *Wales*.

When flying Fame, that monstrous *Wight*, 29

With hundred Wings was nimbly flown,
And in the Court of *Scotland* light,

And all abroad was blaz'd and blown
Of great King *Henry's* Enterprize, 30

And how he forc'd was into *France*,

With all his Peers in Princely wise,

To bring that Land to Complaisance.

England to over-run with Rage, 31

The *Scots* then meant, as was their Guise,
Still as the KING was under Age,

Or occupy'd some other wise.

King James's Courage did increase, 32

And of his Counsell crav'd to know,

If he had better live in Peace,

Or fight against his Brother-in-Law ?

Alas, said he, my Heart is sore, 33

And Care constraineth me to weep,

That ever I to England swore

A League or Love a Day to keep.

Had I not entred in that Band, 34

I swear now by this burnish'd Blade,

England and Scotland both one Land,

And Kingdom one, I could have made.

That Realm we should soon over-run, 35

That England, when this Age is past.

As to our Elders they they have done,

Should Homage do us to the last.

Then stood there up a Baron stout, 36

The lusty Lord of Douglas Blood,

My Liege, quoth he, have you no doubt,

But mark my Words with mirthful Mood.

The League is broke, no Doubt you need, 37

Believe me, Liege, my Words are true,

What was the English Admiral's Deed,

When Andrew Barton bold he slew ?

Four Ships and Armour too he took, 38

And since, their King did nothing fear

To send his Aid against the Duke

Of Gelders, your own Cousin dear.

I. PART I. *Vol.* The First Fight *Jon.*
32 Hath not the Bastard Heron slain 39
Your Warden with his spiteful Spear?
The League and Peace therefore are vain,
My Liege, you nothing have to fear.
3 Then manful Maxwell answered so, 40
My Liege, the League is broke by right;
For th' *English* King ought not to have gone,
Against your Friend in *France* to fight.
4 Have you in League not entred late, 41
With *Lewis* chosen the *French* King?
And now you see what great Debate,
Betwixt the King and him doth spring.
5 What greater Kindness could you show, 42
Unto your Friend the King of *France*,
Than in *English* Blood your Blade imbrue,
Against their Land to lift your Lance?
You know what Hurt to you was done 43
By *English* Kings in Times of old;
Your Borders burn'd, and *Barwick* Town
Still by strong Hand they from you hold.
Wherefore more Time let's not consume, 44
But fiercely fight that Land again;
And then stood up the proud Lord *Hume*,
Of *Scotland*, the Chief Chamberlain.
My Liege, *Quoth he*, in all your Life, 45
More lucky Fate could never fall;
For now that Land, with little Grief,
Unto your Crown you conquer shall.

For *England's* King you understand, 46

To *France* is past with all his Peers :

There's none at home left in the Land,

But Joulthead Monks and bursten Fryers.

Or ragged Rusticks, without Rules, 47

Or Priests prating for Pudding-Shives ;

Or Millners madder than their Mules,

Or wanton Clerks waking their Wives.

There's not a Lord left in *England*, 48

But all are gone beyond the Sea ;

Both Knight and Baron with his Band,

With Ordinance, or Artillery.

The King then call'd to *Dellamount*, 49

Which *Bodword* out of *France* did bring,

Quoth he, The Nobles Names pray note

Who are encamp'd with th' *English* King.

That will I do, my *Liege*, quoth he, 50

As many as I have at Heart :

First, there's the great *Earl* of *Derby*,

With one that's called *Lord Herbert*.

There is an *Earl* of antient Race, 51

Plum'd up in proud and rich Array,

His Banner casts a glittering Grace,

A Half Moon in a Golden Ray.

That is the Noble *Pierce* plain, 52

The King did say, and gave a Stamp :

There is not such a Lord again,

No, nor in all King *Henry's* Camp.

PART I. *The First Fight.*

There is a Lord that bold doth bear, 53

A Talbot brave, a burly Tyke ;
Whose Fathers struck *France* so with Fea
As made poor Wives and Children skrie

The King then answered at one Word, 54

That is the Earl of *Shrewsbury*.

There is likewise a lusty Lord,

Which called is the fam'd *Darcy*.

There's *Dudley* and brave *Dallaware*, 55

And *Deeroy*, great Lords all three :

The Duke of *Buckingham* is there,

Lord *Cobham* and Lord *Willowbye*.

There is the Earl of *Essex* gay, 56

And *Stafford* stout, Earl of *Wiltshire* ;

There is the Earl of *Kent*, Lord *Gray*,

With haughty *Hastings*, hot as Fire.

There is the Marquess *Dorset* brave, 57

Fitzwater and *Fisley*, Lords most great

Of Doughty Knights the lusty Lave,

I never could by Name repeat.

There is a Knight of the North Country, 58

Which leads a lusty Plump of Spears

I know not what his Name should be,

A lust'rous Bull all black he bears.

Lord *Hume* then answered, *London* hight, 59

This same Sir *John Newil* bold ;

King *Harry* had not so hardy a Knigh

In all his Camp by Coat I'll hold.

He doth mantain, without all doubt, 60

The Earl of *Westmoreland's* Estate;

I know of old his Stomach stout,

In *England* is not left his Make. *B*

The King then ask'd his Lords all round, 61

If Wars or Peace they did prefer?

They cry'd, and made the Hall to sound,

Let Peace go back, and let's have War.

Our Armour is for Usage marr'd, 62

Both Helmet, Habergon, and Crest;

Our startling Naggs, in Stable spar'd,

Are waxen wild with too much Rest.

Our Staves that were both tall and straight, 63

Wax crooked, and are cast each where;

Therefore in *England* let's go fight,

Our Booties brave from them to bear.

The King rejoyced then to see

His Lords so lively Hearts to have;

And to their Words did soon agree,

Complying to their Pleasures brave

To *Lyon*, King at Arms, he cry'd, 65

And took to him a Letter broad,

Quoth he, No longer look thou 'bide,

But towards *France* soon take thy Road.

To *Torwin* Town take thou thy Way, 66

And greet well there my Brother-in-Law;

And bid him there no longer stay,

But Homeward to his Country draw.

PART I. *The Second Fight.* 13

And bid him cease his furious Force 67

Against my Friend the King of *France*,
For fear domestick Wars prove worse,
When in his Kingdom I advance.

And summon him soon to return, 68

Lest that our Power we ply apace ;
With Fire and Sword we beat and burn
His Men and Land in little Space.

Then *Lyon* made him Reverence, 69

And with his Coat of Arms him deckt
He hal'd up Sail, and towards *France*,
He did his Way with Speed direct.

Thom. Nelson

The Second Fight.

MEan while the King did *Letters* write, 1
Which swiftest Post did nimbly bear
To all his Lords which had Delight

With him in *England* Arms to wear.
Then every Lord and Knight each where, 2

And Barons bold in Musters met ;
Each Man made Haste to mend his Gear,
And some their rusty Pikes did whet.

Some made a Mell of massy Lead, 3
Which Iron all about did bind ;

Some made strong Helmets for the Head
And some their grisly Gifarings grind.

14 *June* *Flodden-Field.* *Nothing* PART I.
 Some made their Battle Axes bright, 4
 Some from their Bills did rub the Rust;
 Some made long Pikes and Lances light,
 Some Pikeforks for to join and thrust.
 Some did a Spear for Weapon wield, 5
 Some did their lusty Geldings try;
 Some all with Gold did gild their Shield,
 Some did with divers Colours dye. (6
 The Plowmen hard their Teams could take
 And to hard Harnes them convert;
 Their Shafes Defensive Armour make,
 To save the Head, and shield the Heart.
 Dame *Ceres* did unserv'd remain, 7
 The fertile Fields did lie untill'd;
 Outragious *Mars* so fore did reign,
 That *Scotland* was with Fury fill'd.
 The King of *Scots*, then much inflam'd, 8
 With Joy to see himself obey'd;
 He did command his Chamberlain,
 In *England* all this Gang to lead.
 The Chamberlain Lord *Hume* in haste, 9
 (Marsh-Warden was o're *East* also,
 Within the *English* Borders Breast)
 With full eight thousand Men did go,
 And enter in *Northumberland*. 10
 With *Barners* bravely blaz'd and borne,
 And finding none them to withstand,
 Did straight destroy both Hay and Corn.
 They

They spon'd and ravag'd all abroad. 11
And on each Side in Booties brought;
The courser Loons got Geldings good,
And Droves of Kine and Cattle caught.
Most stately Halls and Buildings gay, 12
With sacrilegious Hands they burn :
And this has always been their Way,
Whenever they could serve their turn.
But happy * *Harrard* Church iⁿ the Hill, 13
Thou always 'scap'd their barb'rous Rage;
As thou went once, so art thou still,
The Wonder of the present Age.
There Judge *Gascoigne*, once wisely grave, 14
With his fair Dame entomb'd doth lie ;
And there lies || *Rudimond* so brave, || Or *Red-*
- In Armour, by his Family. *mayne.*
With other noble Persons too, 15
For Valour fam'd, and Piety ;
Their Monuments you now may view,
Most sweet and lovely to the Eye.

* I could not forbear, while speaking of the Ruin of Buildings, always perpetrated by the vile and barbarous Scots, when ever they had the Power, but to take Notice of *Harrard* Church, about three Quarters of a Mile from *Harrard*, and five Miles from *Ottley*, *Yorkshire* ; with in a little Way ther of was formerly a famous Edifice, call'd *Harrard* Castle, the Ruins of which remain to this Day. The Tombs and Effigies, Above-mention'd, have escap'd being defac'd, being near 300 Years since set up, as may be supposed from Dr. *Eachard's* History of England, p. 180. Judge *Gascoigne*, interr'd here, is remarkable in History for committing Prince *Henry*, (afterwards King *HENRY VIII*) to Prison, Anno 1412. for insulting him, when trying one of his wicked Associates ; but, as we are told, that valiant and wise King, when he came to the Crown, took the Judge into his particular Favour for his honest Courage and Integrity.

But to return, for I've digrest, 16

The *Scots* thus having over-run
The *Bordering Parts*, and fill'd with Prey,

They thought to *Scotland* to return.

Sir *William Bulmer* being told 17

of this great Road and wild Aray,
Did strait forecast all Means he could

The *Scots* in their Return to stay.

Two hundred Men himself did lead 18

To him there came the *Borderers* stout
And divers Gentlemen with Speed,

Repair'd to him with Horse and Foot.

They were not all a thousand Men, 19

But knowing where the *Scots* would come,

The *Borderers* best their Coasts did ken,

And hid them in a Field of Broom.

The *Scots* came scouring down so fast, 20

And proudly prickt up with their Prey.

Thinking their Perils all were past;

They stragling ran out of their Way.

The *English* Men burst out apace, 21

And skirmished with the *Scots* anon;

There was fierce fighting Face to Face,

And many Geldings made to groan.

There Men might see *Spears* fly in *Spells*, 22

And tall Men tumbling on the Soil;

And many a Horse ran'd up his Heels,

Outragious *Mans* kept such a Coil.

Th